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'Here is my head
Conf Pam 12mo #684

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Conf
Pam
12mo
#684

'Here is my heart'—'Weep not,' etc.

HERE IS MY HEART!

"My son, give me thine heart."—PROV. xxiii, 26.

Here is my heart! my God, I give it 'Thee!

I heard Thee call and say,

"Not to the world, my child, but unto me,"

I heard, and will obey.

Here is love's offering to my King,

Which in glad sacrifice I bring.

Here is my heart.

Here is my heart! surely the gift, though poor,

My God will not despise;

Vainly and long I sought to make it pure,

To meet Thy searching eyes:

Corrupted first in Adam's fall,

The stains of sin pollute it all.

My guilty heart!

Here is my heart! my heart so hard before,

Now by Thy grace made meet;

Yet, bruised and wearied, it can only pour

Its anguish at Thy feet;

It groans beneath the weight of sin,

It sighs salvation's joy to win.

My mourning heart!

Here is my heart! in Christ its longings end,

Near to His cross it draws;

It says, "Thou art my portion, O my friend!

Thy blood my ransom was."

And in the Saviour it has found

What blessedness and peace abound.

My trusting heart!

Here is my heart! ah! Holy Spirit, come,

Its nature to renew,

And consecrate it wholly as Thy home,

A temple fair and true.

Teach it to love and serve Thee more,

To fear Thee, trust Thee, and adore,

My cleansed heart!

Here is my heart! it trembles to draw near
 The glory of 'Thy throne;
 Give it the shining robe 'Thy servants wear,
 Of righteousness Thine own:
 Its pride and folly chase away,
 And all its vanity, I pray.
 My humbled heart!

Here is my heart! teach it, O Lord, to cling
 In gladness unto Thee;
 And in the day of sorrow still to sing,
 "Welcome, my God's decree."
 Believing, all its journey through,
 That 'Thou art wise, and just, and true.
 My waiting heart!

Here is my heart! O Friend of friends, be near
 To make each tempter fly;
 And when my latest foe I wait with fear,
 Give me the victory!
 Gladly on 'Thy love reposing,
 Let me say, when life is closing,
 "Here is my heart!"

W E E P N O T .

"WEINE NICHT!"

"The Lord hath heard the voice of my weeping."—PSALM vi, 8.

Weep not—Jesus lives on high,
 O sad and wearied one!
 If thou with the burden sigh,
 Of grief thou canst not shun.
 Trust Him still,
 Soon there will
 Roses in the thicket stand,
 Goshen smile in Egypt's land.

Weep not—Jesus thinks of thee
When all beside forget,
And on thee so lovingly
His faithfulness has set,
That though all
Ruin'd fall,
Everything on earth be shaken,
Thou wilt never be forsaken.

Weep not—Jesus heareth thee,
Hears thy moanings broken,
Hears when thou right wearily
All thy grief hast spoken.
Raise thy cry,
He is nigh,
And when waves roll full in view,
He shall fix their "Hitherto."

Weep not—Jesus loveth thee,
Though all around may scorn,
And though poison'd arrows be
Upon thy buckler borne,
With His love,
Naught can move;
All may fail—yet only wait,
He shall make the crooked straight.

Weep not—Jesus cares for thee,
Then what of good can fail?
Why shouldst thou thus gloomily
At thought of trouble quail?
He will bear
All thy care;

And if He the burden take,
He will all things perfect make.

Weep not—Jesus comforts thee,
He yet shall come and save,
And each sorrow thou shalt see
Lie buried in thy grave.

Sin shall die,
Grief shall fly,
Thou hast wept thy latest tears
When the Lord of life appears!

SINNER RESOLVING TO GO TO CHRIST.

“Come, humble sinner, in whose breast
A thousand thoughts revolve ;
Come with your guilt and fear oppress’d
And make this last resolve :

“I ’ll go to Jesus, though my sin
Hath like a mountain rose ;
I know his courts, I ’ll enter in,
Whatever may oppose.

“Prostrate I ’ll lie before his throne,
And there my guilt confess ;
I ’ll tell him I ’m a wretch undone,
Without his sovereign grace.

“I ’ll to the gracious King approach,
Whose sceptre pardon gives ;
Perhaps he may command my touch—
And then the suppliant lives.

“Perhaps he will admit my plea,
Perhaps will hear my prayer ;
But if I perish, I will pray,
And perish only there.

“I can but perish if I go,
I am resolv’d to try ;
For if I stay away, I know
I must for ever die.”

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